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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What Fools these Mortals be!"



# Puck

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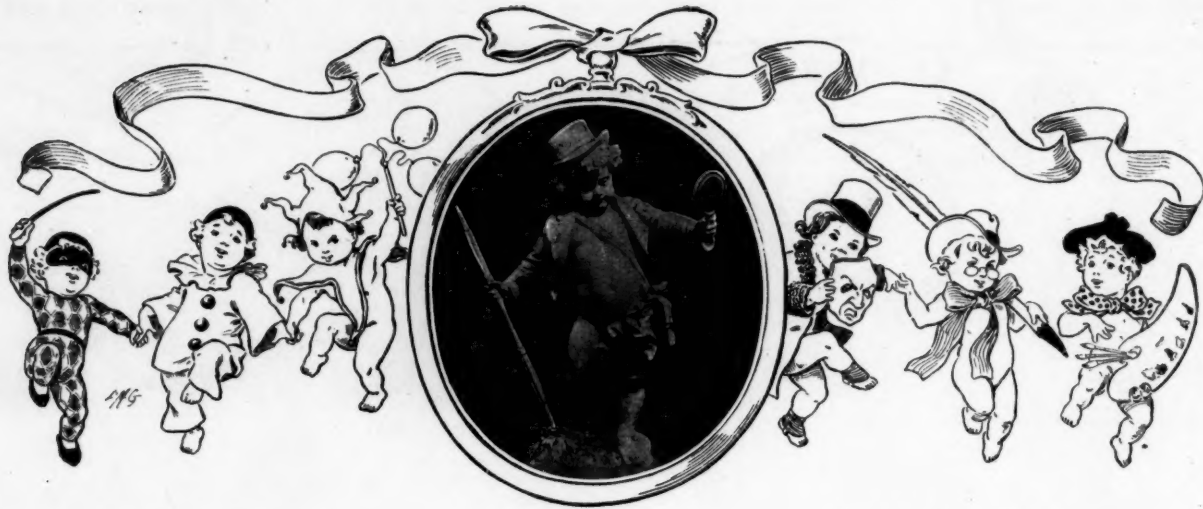
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## THE AMERICAN FAGIN.

INSTRUCTOR IN THE ART OF STEALING AND GETTING AWAY WITH IT



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

MR. LOEB doesn't leak, and he doesn't run over from excess of royal confidences. How does he manage to contain it all?

OYSTER BAY has settled itself for a long winter's nap.

WHILE seven-league-booting through the West, Mr. Fairbanks stopped long enough in one place to express his earnest approval of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Fairbanks also approves of the Red Cross Society, the Hague Peace Tribunal, the Bank of England, the Old Ladies' Home, the Epworth League, the Smithsonian Institution, the Congressional Library, clean streets, good crops, balmy breezes, home missions, English grammar, and comfortable chairs. Further data on application

A BASE BALL fan in St. Louis the other day threw a bottle at the umpire and knocked him unconscious. The crowd pursued the fan with cries of "Lynch him!" Had the bottle missed the umpire by half an inch, the same crowd would have jeered and yelled, "You're a bum shot, Bill."

IN THE Cleveland mayoralty campaign, the Republican platform will deny emphatically any alliance between the party and the traction interests. Next thing we know some one will deny that there is any alliance between the sun and the solar system.

SENATOR TILLMAN is engaged by the Y. M. C. A. to lecture on "The Moral Influence of the Game of Checkers on American Life." He begins to talk instead on the race question, fights anybody who tries to choke him off, and finally goes roaring out of the hall and tells his race troubles to a policeman. And yet peaceable organizations like the Y. M. C. A. continue to hire this wild man to lecture to them. Tillman is nutty on the race question, and has about as much license on the lecture circuit as a Texas steer.

SAYS SENATOR BEVERIDGE: "David Graham Phillips is the master American novelist of to-day." The Indiana authors certainly stand together, regardless of rhyme or reason.

WHEN is a corporation not a corporation? When it hasn't destroyed its books.

WE LIKE a hog, as the man said, but the American Protective Tariff League is a disgusting porcine. —PUCK, Sept. 4.

Editor PUCK: — Please accept our thanks for the polite reference to the American Protective League in your valued publication of Sept. 4. — WILBUR F. WAKEMAN, Treas. and Genl. Sec.

We wonder whether Mr. Wakeman is trying to be sarcastic.



READY FOR ROOSEVELT.

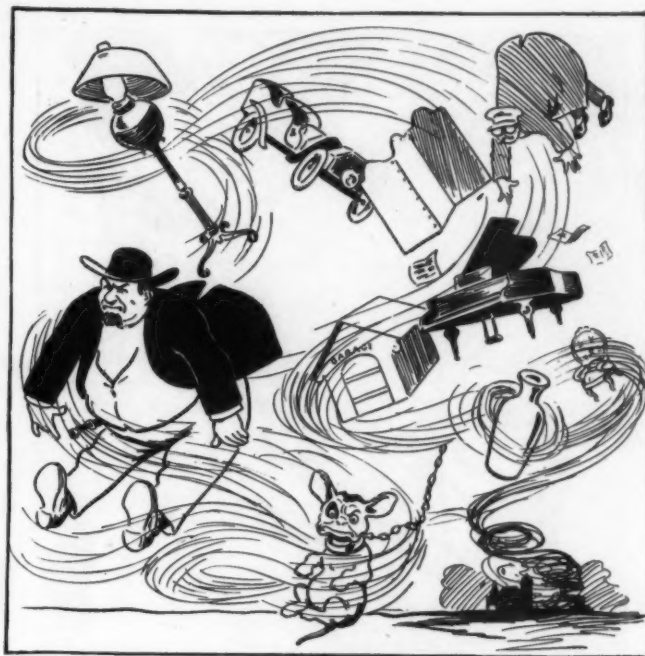
THE NATURE FAKERS' CONTRIBUTION TO THE PRESIDENT'S CANEBRAKE HUNT



## A CHANGE OF INGREDIENTS.



### SECTION OF A WESTERN CYCLONE FIFTY YEARS AGO.



SECTION OF A WESTERN CYCLONE AT THE PRESENT TIME.

THE TWO BARDS.

HY do you write?" I asked the bard  
Whose rhymes were bad, whose lines were hard  
To read—whose tragedy was slush,  
His wit obscure, his pathos gush.  
With a tense look he raised his head—  
"Because I am inspired," he said.

"Why do you write?" I asked the bard  
Whose fragrant verse was never marred  
By one false note; whose poems fine  
Breathed genius true in every line.  
With a calm smile he raised his head—  
"They pay me for the stuff!" he said.

*E. M. Robinson.*

## A BUDDING NAPOLEON.

**YOUTHFUL CAPITALIST** (*aged seven*).—Doing any good?

HIS PARTNER (*aged eight*).—Naw; I don't seem t' be able t' place dis lemminade.

"Jimmy Jones selling any pop?"

"He's gittin' rich—took in fifty cents since noon."

**"What's our assets?"**

"Chair, table an' tumbler, belongin' t' your maw; bucket an' dipper, de property of my maw; two gallons of sweetened water an' one lemon, wid de groceryman makin' bad talk about de fifteen cents we owe 'im—I tells yer, we're on de ragged edge of bust."

"Any outstanding contracts?"

"Me brudder said he'd buy a drink, t'morrer, if de Yaller Legs win."

"Good! I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll form a new company, take over this stand, merge Jimmy's, get out a prospectus and circulate it all around de street, issue bonds on the equipment, capitalize the indebtedness, issue \$1 stock, half-preferred, and—"

"Den what?"

"Sell the stock to Jimmy."

"Shucks! Jimmy ain't such a darn fool as to bite at dat kind er bait."

"*Ain't* he? You just watch me hypnotize him!"

And it was even so, and the next day Jimmy woke up. They all do. *F. P. Smart.*

*F. P. Smart.*

### EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY.

MRS. HAYMOW (*home from church*).—Half-past one! Goodness gracious! I thought that new minister would never finish his sermon. He stammered an' stuttered an' coughed an' sneezed an' h'med an' hawed an' repeated himself till I thought I'd have a conniption fit!

MR. HAYMOW (*who is somewhat unorthodox*).—An' yet they say them fellers practice what they preach!



AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THE OLD MAN (*to the prodigal son*).—I hate to disappoint you, my boy, but the Beef Trust has boosted prices so since you went away that I couldn't afford a fatted calf.

**Y**ou never know how little your friends will do for you until you try them.



JUST AT BED TIME.

PAPA OWL.—See here, young fellow! If you're dead set on serenading Hootilda, come around here to-night when we're awake. It's almost sun-up now, so git!

MEDIAEVAL NATURE FAKING.



SINCE President Roosevelt's declaration that nature fakers existed in the Middle Ages, the following chapters, which Sir Thomas Malory evidently intended to add to his "Mort d'Arthur," have been found:

CHAP. XXIII.—How Sir Launcelot justed with a strange knight in the woods, and heard a passing strange tale.

Now when Sir Launcelot rode through the woods, which was thick and dark, hee came upon a strange knight, who was lying prone upon the ground, with his helmet off. "Have yee met with a foule stroke?" asked Sir Launcelot. "If not, rise yee and just with mee." Whereupon the strange knight spoke: "I was but studying the ways of the ants in this ant hille," he said, "but right merrily will I forgoe my study and just with thee, fair knight." And then hee rose and putten on his helmet, and came against Sir Launcelot, and the knights mette like thunder, but Sir Launcelot bare down the stranger and commaunded him yield, which hee did. "Now tell me what thou art," said Sir Launcelot, "and I will spare thy life." And then the stranger told Sir Launcelot: "I am a Nature Faker, and if thou wilt take me to Arthur's court thou shalt hear many tales that will delight thee." Whereupon Sir Launcelot took the knight's shield, which bare for a device a lyre, and the twaine departed for King Arthur's court.

CHAP. XXIV.—Of the wondrous tales of Sir Nature Faker and of the Entry of Sir Theodore at King Arthur's court.

Now the strange knight, whose name was Sir Nature Faker, told many a faire yarne at the court of King Arthur, to the greates amaze of the knights of the Rounde Table. This is the burden of the most wondrous: "Faire fellowes," said the strange knight, "knowe ye I have hearde the call of ye wilde, and am brother to the oxe, cousin to the lynxe, and godfather to the chipmunk. In yonder woode, before I met this goode knight who o'erthrew mee,

I met a deere pursued by a great wolfe. I watched and saw the wolfe bite the deere to the heart, making grimly woundes, and crushing the ribbes of the deere. This incident I have written in fulle in collaboration with a knightly monk, or monkly knight, named Rev. William J. Longe." "Yee lie in your throate, foule stranger!" roared a great voice from the lower end of the Rounde Table, and there satte a strange knight, with great shining teeth, and with strange shining thinges o'er his eyes. And the strange knight roared that his name was Sir Theodore, and that hee knew the booke of nature from A to Izzarde, and that Sir Nature Faker lied most mightily when hee said a wolfe could crushe a deere's ribbes. Whereupon the two knights agreed to just according to the rules of the Nature Faker schoole.



CHAP. XXV.—How Sir Theodore and Sir Nature Faker justed and how the mighty battle delighted the court of King Arthur.

So Sir Theodore said: "Now will I o'erthrow thee, base misinformer of school children! Dost thou know how to distinguish the cry of the Squeedunk from the Squeedee?" "Aye, and that lightly," said Sir Nature Faker, "for the Squeedunk cries in the morn, and the Squeedee at eve." Whereupon Sir Theodore was mightily vexed, and cried: "Sir John Burroughes must have told you! But



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

BLACKJACK BILL.—Dis here's me perposol, pals: dat we organize an' incorporate in Noo Jersey de Second-Story Operation Company of America. Den when one of us gits pinched or gits in wrong, why de cops can't jug us—see?—but'll have ter punish an' fine de corperation. If de trusts an' de rail roads can do dat, wot's holdin' us back?

A sense of humor would not necessarily show in the printed works of the modern author, but it would keep some of them from being printed.



# PUCK

CHAP. XXVI.—How Sir Theodore and Sir Nature Faker continued their just and how it was ended.



THE VITAL POINT.

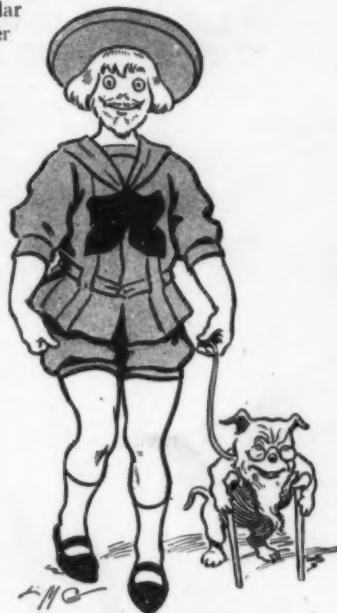
SPIRIT (*just arrived*).—Can you tell me if this is heaven?  
ANOTHER NEWCOMER.—Couldn't say. I'll tell you better when I learn where my wife is.

now, Sir Nature Faker, is a salmon born tail first or head first?" "What boots it to the world how other fishes are born," cried Sir Nature Faker, "as long as a sucker is born every minute?" "A hitte, a hitte—a plapable hitte!" cried King Arthur, and Queen Guenever laughed behind her fanne. Whereupon Sir Theodore was wrothe again and cried: "I wishe my squire, Loeb, were here that I might kicke him for forgetting my notes." But stille did he come backe merrily, and the just did last through the day and well into the eve, until most of the knights were asleep with their heddies on the Rounde Table, and King Arthur did decree that the contest should be renewed nexte day.

Right so Sir Nature Faker and Sir Theodore did battle next day. Sir Theodore did make loud dispute that Sir Nature Faker did never see a bull dogge whippe a wolfe, and Sir Nature Faker didde land on Sir Theodore's solar plexus by declaring that Sir Theodore did never see a wolfe whippe a bull dogge. And there was loud dispute, and fulle of rancore, over Sir Nature Faker's declaration that hee had seen a woodcocke make a mud splint for its own broken legge. And so the knights did dispute until it was eve, and all the Rounde Table fell asleep. And they did battle next day and the next, and finally did the people of the land become so bored with the dispute that they did rise as one manne and cry: "Heraus!" and some did cry: "Skiddoo!" and yet others did throw a strange fruit yclept the lemone. And a committee consisting of Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahad, Sir Gareth, and Sir Tristram did escort Sir Theodore and Sir Nature Faker to the end of King Arthur's domain and tell them never to renew their just therein. And the last scene of the two knights, Sir Theodore and Sir Nature Faker, they were sitting on a fallen tree calling loudly and raucously:

"Liar!"

Arthur Chapman.



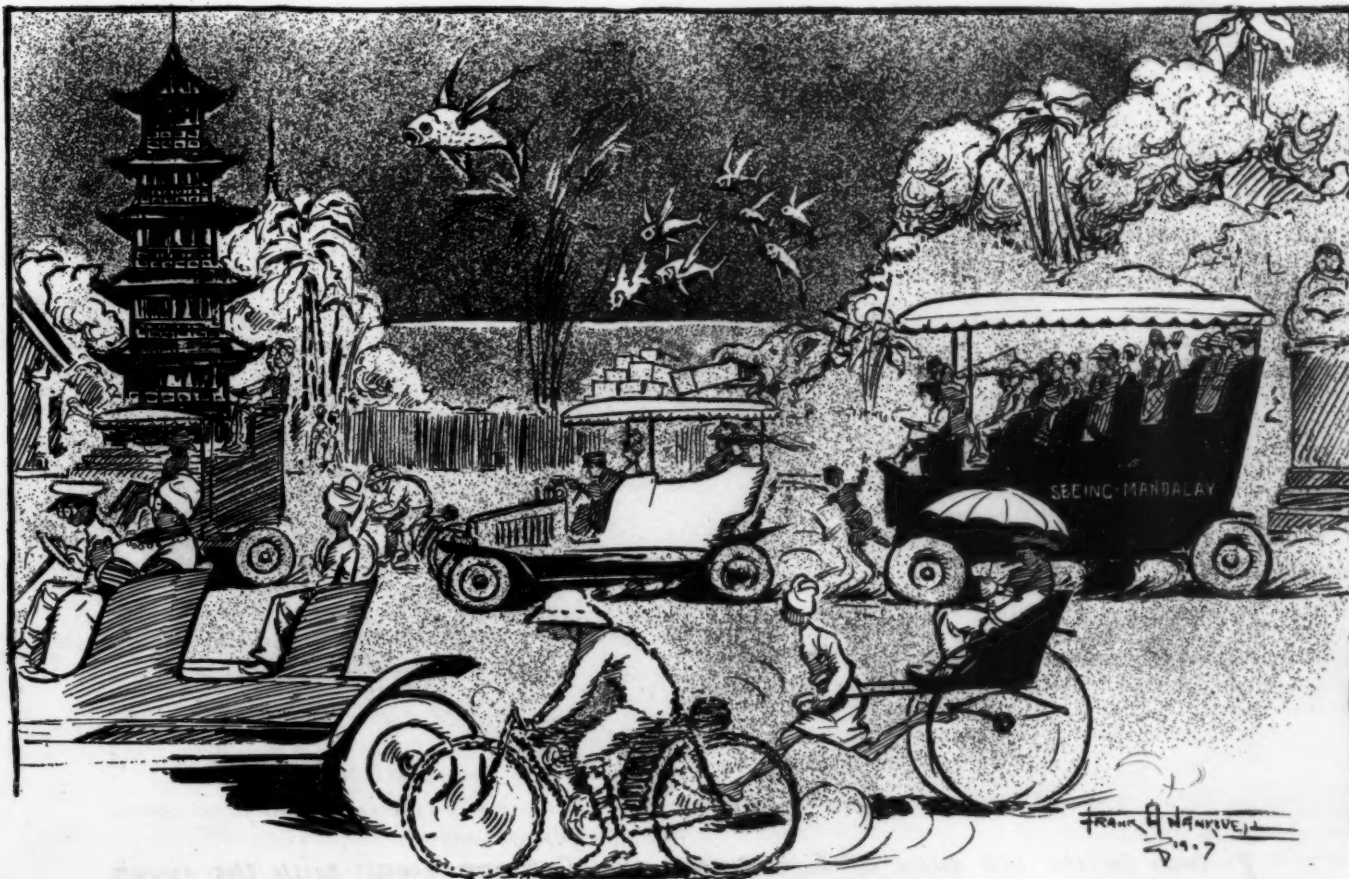
BUSTER BROWN.

AS HE MUST LOOK BY THIS TIME.

## A SATURDAY SNARL.

"BARBER, barber, shave a pig," said we, facetiously.

"That nursery rhyme doesn't cover the ground," asserted a sour citizen. "The true barber-shop hog is the man who ain't satisfied with a shave, but has to have a haircut, and a singe, and a facial massage, and a tonic rub, and a lot of other flubdub, all on a Saturday afternoon. If there are any present as want to take exception to these remarks, let 'em!"



ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.

# PUCK



## IN REPLY WOULD SAY —

DUBSPORT.—I wonder how I'm shooting this season?

DUBSPORT (as the smoke clears away).—Well, by —!!!

## OUR PROBLEM CONTEST.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT? SEND IN YOUR SOLUTION TO-DAY!  
IT'S A BRAIN STORMER.



HERE's a chance to exercise your brains! This is a problem that will keep you guessing! Get your paper and pencil ready and send in your answer! You may be right—it will do no harm if you are. It's a trazer!—the hardest since a hen-and-a-half problem that puzzled all the wise ones. This is the problem:

A dog is chasing a rabbit and the rabbit has thirty yards start on the dog. The rabbit runs at the rate of eight yards in a second and the dog at the rate of ten yards a second. How long will it be before the dog catches the rabbit?

The following are some of the answers received yesterday:

### MABEL'S ANSWER.

Dear Problem Editor: In answer to your interesting problem published last week I would say the dog will catch the rabbit in one minute and eight seconds.

MABEL.

### HOW A HIGH-SCHOOL BOY FIGURES IT.

Problem Editor: Let  $x$  = the rabbit and  $x$  = the dog. Then  $x \gamma$  = the dog running after the rabbit. Now, the dog runs 10 yards a second, therefore  $10 x = \gamma$  or  $x = 10$ . The dog will therefore catch the rabbit in ten seconds.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY.

### NO HIGHER MATHEMATICS NECESSARY.

Problem Editor. Dear Sir: I am much interested in your dog and rabbit problem and have lost much sleep over it. The answer can be found without resort to the higher mathematics, but the puzzle is most ingenious. The dog will catch the rabbit in just  $8 \times 10 = 80$  seconds.

MATHEMATICIAN.

### A PROTEST.

Problem Editor. Dear Sir: As a lover of all wild creatures I wish to protest against the needless cruelty of your recent problem. Anyone who has seen as I have the tortured, quivering, innocent furry thing in the cruel jaws of the savage murderer can take no delight in speculating on the all too short term of life allotted to the inoffensive rabbit.

NATURE LOVER.

P.S.—I hope the dog will never catch the rabbit.

### NO, THERE IS NO PRIZE.

Problem Editor: The dog will catch the rabbit in just one

minute. Thus:  $10 - 8 = 2$ ;  $2 \times 30 = 60$ . Sixty seconds is one minute. Is there any prize for correct answer? R. T. D.

### A SOLUTION FROM BOSTON.

Problem Editor: The velocity of the dog minus the velocity of the rabbit will equal the difference of velocity between the two quadrupeds. The arc subtended by a chord described in an equilateral circle having a radius of thirty yards can readily be determined. The dog would therefore overtake (not necessarily catch) the rabbit in 17.14156+ seconds.

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### AN ANSWER FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

Problem Editor. Sir: Your problem is calculated to give grossly inaccurate ideas concerning rabbits to every child who reads it and may do great harm. A rabbit does not run but bounds or leaps, and I have never known an ordinary rabbit to run eight yards in a second.

A jack-rabbit may do so, but you do not mention a jack-rabbit. I have killed thousands of rabbits and never knew one to travel faster than seven yards a second; so any one stating or implying the contrary is guilty of deliberate mendacity.

T. R.

J. W. Merrill.

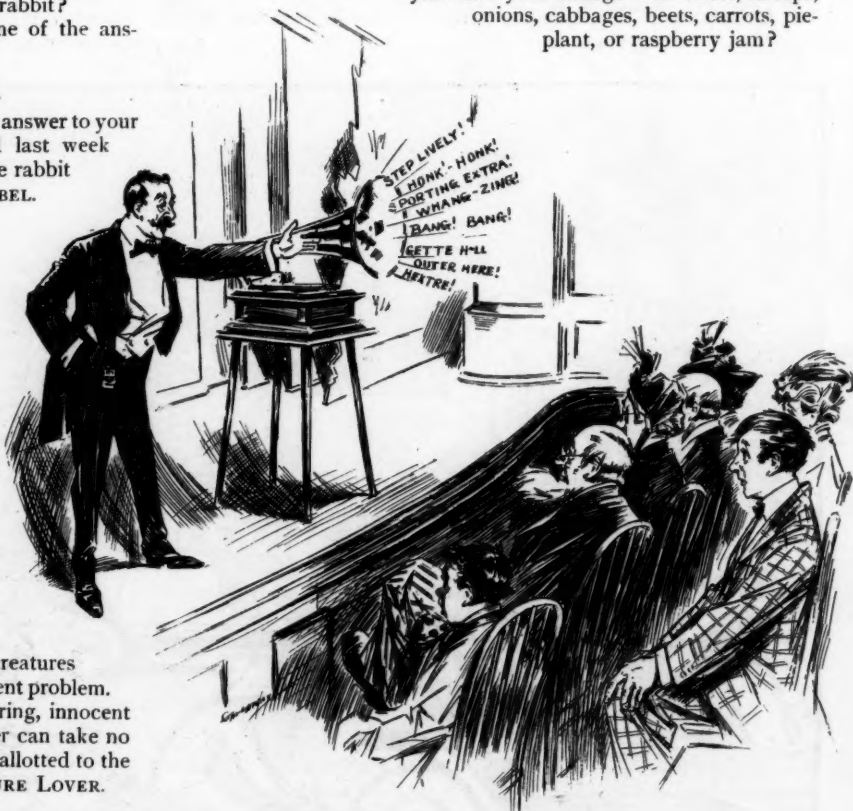
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"SOMETHING old, something new,  
Something borrowed, something blew."

### THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

FARMER JONES (in office of "Weekly Argus-Intelligencer").—I was a-goin' to renew my subscription to-day, but I find I ain't got nothin' smaller than a twenty-pound tub uv butter.

THE EDITOR.—I can break that all right, neighbor; how'll you have your change—in 'taters, turnips, onions, cabbages, beets, carrots, pie-plant, or raspberry jam?



### HEARING NEW YORK.

SUGGESTION TO LECTURERS ON THE RURAL CIRCUIT.

**It was in the old days of legend that the dish ran away with the spoon.  
But we still have the cup that cheers.**



# HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.\*

WE SPRANG to the auto, I, Joris and Dirck.  
I snapped on my goggles and got to my work.  
"Hi, there!" yelled the cop in the helmet of white.  
"Let her flicker!" said Joris, and into the night,



With a sneer at the speed law, we hurtled  
hellbent  
To carry to Aix the good tidings from  
Ghent.

The going was poor, we expected  
delay,

And the usual live stock obstructed the way.

At Boom we ran over a large yellow dog,  
At Düffeld a chicken, at Mecheln a hog; —  
What else, we'd no time to slow down and inquire.  
At Aershot, confound it, we blew out a tire.

I jacked up the axle and ripped off the shoe,  
And snapped on an extra that promised to do.  
"All aboard!" I exclaimed, as I cranked the machine;  
But — something was wrong with the cussed gasoline.  
"By Hasselt!" Dirck groaned, "we'll be half a day late.  
We ought to have sent the good news by slow freight."

False prophet! I tinkered a minute or two,  
And again we were off like a bolt from the blue.  
We ate up the hills at a forty-mile clip,  
And skidded the turns like the snap of a whip.  
Till we dashed into Aix and were pinched by a cop  
For failing to slow when commanded to stop.

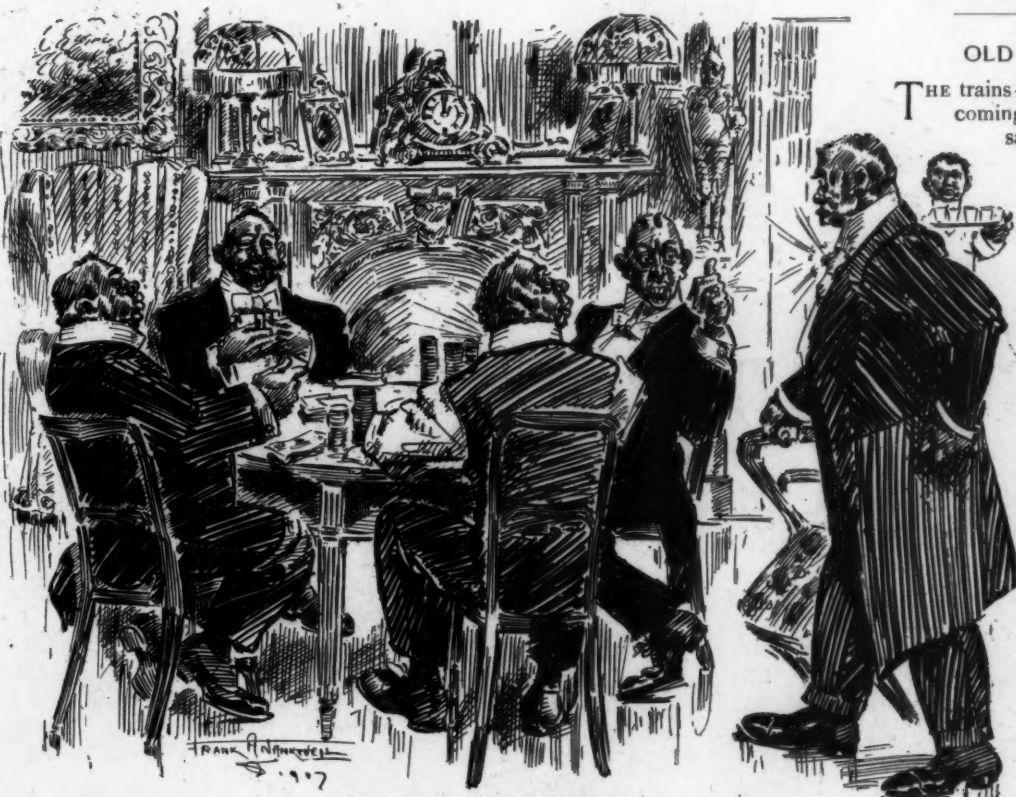
"Now, wouldn't that jar you!" said Joris. But we,  
When we told the good tidings, were instantly free.  
The mayor himself paid the ten-dollar fine,  
And blew us to dinner with four kinds of wine,  
Which (the burghesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than their due who brought good news  
from Ghent. B. L. T.

\* Or would have brought it if they had not been so old-fashioned.



THE AUTHOR AND THE ILLUSTRATOR.

The author wrote— "Glancing shyly, Dorothy saw a tall, athletic young man with short, curling hair. He topped her by at least a head. He was not a person to be trifled with, as his straight unshaven lip and firm set chin indicated. And how handsome he looked in his evening clothes!"  
"Shall we sit out this waltz?" he suggested."



HIS PROPER SPHERE.

MR. YALLERBY (trying to butt in).— Guess I'll take a shy at dis heah game. Gimme foah dollah's wo'th ob chips, Mose.

THE BANKER.— Back teh Wall Street fo' yo'! Dis ain't no game fo' de small investah!

## OLD STORY, NEW ENDING.

THE trains— both going at express speed — were coming together, head on. The young girl saw the danger. For an instant she hesitated. Then she snatched off her red petticoat and waved it frantically.

The trains stopped, just in the nick of time. Thus far all was well.

But now the passengers alighted and pressed forward, and stared at her, incredulously.

"Can it be you don't know that a red petticoat is about as impossible as anything you can wear?" they demanded.

Whereupon they laughed derisively and went their way.

## THE DISCUSSION ENDED.

FIRST CLUB WOMAN.— I wonder if we'll ever learn the truth about the Congo?

SECOND CLUB WOMAN (in surprise).— Why, are the explorers unable to discover its source?

## SUBSTITUTION.

CLIFFORD had prayed heartily for a little sister, and now a brother was born.

That night he knelt by the bedside and said, kindly but firmly: "No, thank You, God, I want what I asked for."

THE PUCK MAGAZINE



ABOVE THE LAW.





SOME DAY.



SOME DAY, ah yes, we'll meet again some day—  
I know not when or where;  
Perhaps beyond our every earthly way—  
Beyond all sorrowing and care;

But some day we, who met so long ago,  
And journeyed little ways in converse sweet,  
Will meet again; and meeting, come  
to know  
And feel the deep regret we cannot  
speak.

And then, the while each looking in the  
others' eyes,  
Perhaps the blushes to your cheek will mount,  
And I shall hear the new excuse that you'll devise  
For never squaring up that old account.

Will F. Griffin.

OTHERWISE O. K.

"WHAT about Francis Chillface as a candidate for mayor?" asked the business man.

"Well, I'll tell you," answered the astute politician, "Chillface has his disadvantages. He is not affable or congenial. In approaching voters he assumes an air of condescension and displays entirely too much dignity. He is cold and distant. He would have trouble carrying the laboring vote. You see, he has antagonized the church people by his liberal inclinations and the temperance workers have no use for him. On the other hand his past action in condemning saloons has made hundreds of enemies for him among the liquor selling class. Concerning the floating vote he could never land it because he does not know how to get down to hard work at the poles. The business men will not stand for him a minute. They are against his business methods. All the politicians are after his scalp because he has questioned their integrity

in private conversation. The capitalists, the bankers, the manufacturers, the brewers, the retail merchants, the hotel keepers, the grocers, the butchers, the tailors, the druggists, the barbers—and they wield a powerful influence)—the hardware dealers, the railroad and dry goods clerks, the machinists, the molders, the cigar-makers, the millers, the printers, the engineers, the firemen and the working men in every trade are fighting him to the finish.

"Otherwise Chillface would make a good candidate and might be elected with proper support."

John H. McNeely.

A CELEBRITY.

"THAT feller over there on the cracker barrel," remarked Uncle Goshall Hemlock, "wuz sick one winter, durin' which spell he occupied his time by readin' the encyclopedy Britanicy from A to Z. Consequently——"

"Yes?"

"He knows it all. Say, Sim, kin I trade a coonskin fer a pot of lard?"



AUTUMN SPORT.

FOLLOWING THE HOUNDS IN GEORGIA.

ITS IDENTITY.

SEE the two Gentlemen! They approach rapidly from opposite Directions, and meet abruptly and with such Force that each tumbles down on his Back. Ah! How unfortunate!

Oh, yes! It is sad they should have met at all, and there is Worse yet to come. As they scramble to their Feet each succeeds in resoundingly

kicking the other on the Sly, whereupon one instantly suites his Assailant so furiously with a large Bludgeon that he actually spreads the whole top of his Head out like a Mushroom. The unfortunate Wretch immediately retaliates by seizing a Barrel and smashing it to Flinders on the antagonist's brow, and the Latter returns the Compliment by sticking a Pick-ax into his Back.

No, no, my Child! This is not a Political Argument or a Religious Discussion. It is merely a bit of Polite Vaudeville, with the accent on the "Polite."

HE KNEW.

HIRAM (just returned from a trip to the city).—I'd jist like t' know th' meanin' of th' word "skiddoo," thet I heard pretty nigh everywhere I went, when I wuz up t' town.

FARMER HAYIN-WEATHER.—Son, I'm ashamed of ye! It's th' name of thet castle over in Scotland, where simplified Andy Carnegie's been spendin' most of his time, hyur lately.



FASHION'S DECREE.

"THE STYLISH FIGURE THIS WINTER WILL BE WITHOUT HIPS."





AFRICA VERSUS AUSTRALIA.

CAPTAIN SIMIAN (*of the Jungle A. C. eleven*).—Never mind the ball, boys! Get at him! This is the guy who said he'd make monkeys of us!

BEYOND LOVE'S COMPASS.



M Y DARLING, when we two were wed  
And plighted to be true,  
'Tis certain that my vows were said  
To less than half of you.  
I swore to "have you and to hold"  
In love's supreme enfolding,  
But now, to let the truth be told,  
I cannot do the holding.

I cannot place mine arms around  
With an encircling clasp,  
For when I try there still is found  
Some more than I can grasp.  
However ample my ideal,  
The vision of my chasing,  
I still discover that the real  
Surpasses my embracing.

Some tell us love is sure to wane  
As years and troubles grow;  
My love has made an annual gain  
Of half a stone or so.  
Time was I nursed the burden coy  
Upon my knees ecstatic,  
But now I find the weight of joy  
Is something too emphatic.

Some speak of idols falling short,  
But mine is falling great.  
You may have foibles, but your *forte*  
Exceeds with rapid rate.  
I dream about the years to come  
As weights, for you to don them;  
For some are born to greatness—some  
Have greatness thrust upon them.

A. L. S.

NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF.

THERE was once a multimillionaire (he was very "multi," indeed) who spent immense sums of money on his children. They had everything, including four automobiles and a steam yacht each.

Still they were not satisfied.

"Can you not," they implored, "spend a little time with us, now and then?"

"Time!" cried the multimillionaire, greatly shocked. "No, no! You are dreaming. It is impossible."

This fable teaches that time is not money, in any practical sense.

COURT HOUSE RECORD.

MARRIAGE LICENSE CLERK.—Miss Katherine Fould, age 20 years, and Duke de Crasteline, age 45 years. License to marry granted May 20th.

RECORDER'S OFFICE.—Duchess de Crasteline nee Miss Katherine Fould transfers real estate in Blocks 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20 to Duke de Crasteline. Value \$2,060,000. Consideration \$1. June 19th.

JUSTICE OF PEACE OFFICE.—State of New York vs. Duke de Crasteline charged with assault and battery on Duchess de Crasteline. Defendant found guilty of maliciously, unlawfully, and feloniously pinching wife's arm, July 20th. Fine \$10 and costs. Fine paid.

MORTGAGE CLERK'S OFFICE.—\$2,000,000 mortgage on property of Duke de Crasteline filed and payable to Harris, Morris and Company, brokers and bankers. August 14th.

CIRCUIT COURT RECORD.—Duchess de Crasteline vs. Duke de Crasteline. Petition for divorce. Complainant alleges inhuman and cruel treatment, to wit, defendant abuses complainant by striking her on sundry occasions in presence of maid to complainant's humiliation and embarrassment. Divorce granted December 10th.

John H. McNeely.



POLITICS.

POLITICS is the bad man's refuge, the little man's hope of distinction, the average man's religion.

Politics has its good uses. If it were not for politics there would have to be more murders, wars and society doings, in order to fill up the newspapers.

It is a principle of politics that you can't fool all the people all the time. That is why only the male portion is allowed to vote, and elections are had only every other year.

In world politics nobody's business is everybody's business, whereas in ordinary politics business is merely business.

A WASH DRAWING.

**B**e good and you'll be ridiculous.

**ANGOSTURA BITTERS**

Celebrated  
Appetizer of  
Exquisite Flavor

**DR. SIEGERT'S**  
The Only Genuine  
**BEWARE OF  
SUBSTITUTES**  
Originated 1824



**Banquets**  
and dinners are satisfactory only  
when the wine is satisfactory.

**GREAT  
WESTERN  
CHAMPAGNE**

—the Standard of American  
Wines

Is the banquet wine par  
excellence. It is the fa-  
vorite in the homes where  
the choicest of everything  
is demanded.

"Of the six American  
Champagnes exhibited at  
the Paris Exposition of  
1900, the GREAT WEST-  
ERN was the only one  
that received a GOLD  
MEDAL."

**PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.**  
Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.



A KIND WORD.  
"So you don't  
share the general  
indignation toward  
the railways?"  
"No," answered  
Farmer Cornstossel;  
"I have always felt  
that a locomotive  
was entitled to a  
great deal of credit  
for sticking to the  
track, instead of  
snorting up and  
down the country  
roads like an auto-  
mobile." — *Washing-  
ton Star.*

RICH.  
"Jones is a very  
rich man, isn't he?"  
"Rich! I should  
say he is. Why, he's  
been running an  
automobile all sum-  
mer and hasn't  
mortgaged his home  
yet." — *Detroit Free  
Press.*

A STOCK ANEC-  
DOTE.  
Once when Rud-  
yard Kipling was a  
boy he ran out on the  
yardarm of a ship.  
"Mr. Kipling,"  
yelled a scared sailor,  
"your boy is on a  
yardarm, and if he  
lets go he'll drown."  
"Ah," responded  
Mr. Kipling, with a  
yawn, "but he won't  
let go."  
This incident also  
happened to Jim  
Fisk, Horace Wal-  
pole, Napoleon  
Bonaparte, Dick  
Turpin, Julius Caesar  
and the poet  
Byron. — *Washing-  
ton Herald.*

**KEISER  
CRAVATS**

Fabrics Specially Woven.

For early  
fall self-figured  
or plain weaves  
in bright colors  
such as orange,  
tan, cerise, delft,  
lavender and  
reseda are being  
freely worn in the  
regular narrow  
or folded four-  
in-hands tightly  
drawn. Bright  
colors in spaced  
Roman and  
other stripes are  
also popular.

Keiser-Baratha sta-  
ples in black, white,  
plain colors and  
figures, also white  
or black for even-  
ing dress.

Grand Prize St.  
Louis World's Fair  
for quality, work-  
manship and style.

An illustrated book "The  
Cravat," on the ethics of  
Correct Dress, sent anywhere  
on receipt of six cents in  
stamps.

**JAMES R. KEISER, NEW YORK**  
WHOLESALE ONLY.  
Look for the Label.




ECONOMIZING with most people means being  
unable to spend money. — *Somerville Journal.*

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-  
able polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keeper's Friend**

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or  
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-  
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 905 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



ENCOURAGING.  
"I'm afraid," said  
the soubrette, "that  
I'll not be able to  
appear to-night. I  
have a sore throat."  
"Don't let that  
worry you, dear,"  
replied the prima  
donna. "Nothing  
could happen to  
your throat that  
wouldn't help your  
singing." — *Chicago  
Record-Herald.*

NO PRESTIGE.  
"What makes you  
think that he has lost  
his prestige as a great  
financial power?"  
"Because nobody  
goes about hinting  
that he ought to be in  
jail." — *Wash. Star.*

MISSES NOTHING.  
"That summer  
resort proprietor is a  
sharp one, isn't he?"  
"I should say so.  
I fell off the dock  
and he charged me  
for an extra bath."  
— *Cleveland Leader.*

THE AUTUMN.  
There is poetry  
in the autumn all  
right. The turning  
leaves are beautiful  
when somebody else  
has hold of the rake.  
— *Toledo Blade.*

IT IS a great thing  
to know how to say  
the right thing at the  
right time, but it is an  
even greater thing to  
know how not to say  
anything at the right  
time. — *Somerville  
Journal.*

**QUALITY  
UNEQUALED**

**EXCELLENCE  
UNSURPASSED**

GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW

GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW

**Liqueur**  
Pères Chartreux

**LIQUEUR  
PÈRES CHARTREUX**

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.



A CHAPERON is never a complete success if  
she is young enough and pretty enough to cut  
out her protégée. — *Somerville Journal.*

**Puck Proofs**

THE ETERNAL QUESTION —  
"Which Gown Shall I Wear?"  
By Leighton Budd.  
Photogravure in Black, 8 x 11 in. PRICE 25 CENTS.

LEFT AT HOME.  
By "O'Neill."  
Photogravure in Black, 11 x 8 in. PRICE 25 CENTS.

EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.  
By Shef Clarke.  
Photogravure in Black, 10 x 9 in. PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THE LOVE SCENE.  
By Gordon H. Grant.  
Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in. PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL  
By "O'Neill."  
Photogravure in Black, 11 x 8 in. PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

HIS SUCCESSOR.  
By Stuart Travis.  
Photogravure in Sepia, 10 x 15 in. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

THESE are a few examples of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten  
Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Art Stores and Dealers supplied by  
THE ANDERSON PUBLISHING CO., 32 Union Square, N. Y.

Address PUCK, New York, 295-309 Lafayette St.





**GENTLEMEN**  
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE  
NEATNESS, AND COMFORT  
WEAR THE IMPROVED

# BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD  
The Name is  
stamped on every  
loop—

The *Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER  
SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.  
A. send on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

**ALWAYS EASY**

#### TOOK HIS MEDICINE.

YEAST.—Did you ever exercise with a medicine ball?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Well, I've taken something for snake-bites, if that's what you mean.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

#### ON FIFTH AVENUE.

A wistful ghost companions  
Each silent passer-by,  
Who seems alone to journey  
Where broad the highroads lie.  
And oh, the strangeness of it—  
Not any watcher knows  
What Grief on that one follows,  
What Joy with this one goes!  
—*Broadway Magazine*.

#### ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

"No," said the stubborn man, "no-body can alter my regard for Jiggins. He's a man you don't meet every day."  
"I admit that," replied Markley, "but I attribute it to the fact that I loaned him \$10 several months ago."  
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

#### SIZING HER UP.


"Madam, do you keep hens?" asked the lady with the gold-rimmed eyeglasses at the door of the farm-house.  
"Sure!" replied the woman in the door, wiping her chin with her gingham apron, "are you lookin' for board, ma'am?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

#### IT ALL DEPENDS.

"You may break, you may shatter  
The vase"—that's because  
It doesn't much matter  
Unless it's a "vaws."  
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

## The Gov't Green Stamp

on a bottle of our whiskey **MEANS** that  
it has been **Bottled in Bond** in its  
pure, natural state,  
under the direct  
supervision of U.S.  
Internal Revenue  
Officers. Every bottle of



# Sunny Brook

## THE PURE FOOD Whiskey

is sealed with this Green Stamp upon which  
the Government has had printed the exact Age,  
Strength and Quantity of whiskey in the bottle. By  
demanding Sunny Brook you will **KNOW** that you are  
getting an honest, natural whiskey, scientifically distilled and  
mellowed by age only while stored in U. S. Bonded Warehouses.  
In Sunny Brook you are getting the best, Old Kentucky pro-  
duces in whiskey.

**Sold by all First-class Dealers.**

#### AN UNTAUGHT COW.

Down on a Southern plantation the dairy hands were accustomed to do the milkings quating down in a primitive fashion, until the owner introduced milking stools with other improvements. But the initial experiment with the innovation was not exactly a success. The darky who first sallied forth with the stool returned bruised and battered and with an empty pail.

"I done my best, sah," he explained. "Dat stool looked all right to me, but de blamed cow she won't sit on it!"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

## Hammer the Hammer



The Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver won't go off unless you deliberately pull the trigger. Do that and you'll find it just as sure as it is safe. The straightest-shooting, hardest-hitting, most reliable revolver made to-day. Rightly proportioned, beautifully finished; a gentleman's pistol for pocket, desk or bureau.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells more in detail why the Iver Johnson has outstripped competitors in public favor. Our handsome catalogue goes with it, showing details of construction.

<b>IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER</b> 2-inch barrel, nickel plated finish. 22 rim-fire cartridge. \$6.00 or 38 center fire cartridge	<b>IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER</b> 2-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish. 22 or 38 center-fire cartridge. \$7.00
--	--

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for owl's head on grip and our name on barrel.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 152 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.  
New York: 90 Chambers Street.  
Pacific Coast: 1946 Park St., Alameda, Cal.  
Hamburg, Germany, Pichhagen & Co., London, Eng.: 17 Mincing Lane, E.C.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Tress Bridge Bicycles

# IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE IMPOSSIBLE  
TRADE MARK  
IVER JOHNSON  
Look for the owl's head on the grip



#### JUST ABOUT.

FARMER GRAYNECK.—Jason's quite a wag, even if he don't look it. Just sayin' t' me that he likes to buy postage stamps becuz they're the only goshblamed thing that ain't riz in price.

The first thing in the morning, if you need a bracer, should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

#### THE SEQUEL.

"Funny thing about Dubley. He said he needed a little whiskey because he was run down."

"Well, wasn't he run down?"

"I don't know about that, but I do know that he was run in."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

#### A FRANK OPINION.

"It is my opinion," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "if a fellow could see the girl when she comes out in the early morning with her hair up in curl papers to get the milk, there'd be fewer divorces."—*Yonkers Statesman*.



**15 Daily Trains Cincinnati and St. Louis—NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES**



If it weren't for politics, a great many more men in these United States would have to work. — *Somerville Journal*.

SOMETIMES poverty consists in just feeling poor. Half the millionaires in the country don't know how much they're worth. — *Atlanta Constitution*.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

### BROTHER WILLIAMS' ADVICE.

"You been playin' de devil all de summer," said Brother Williams, to his first born, "an' I'd advise you ter keep up de lick dis comin' winter, kaze coal hez gone up, an' you'll need somethin' ter make you sweat!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

### PERSUASION.

"I can't marry you," she said. "You are old enough to be my father." "Don't hesitate on that account. I'en years from now nobody will suspect it." — *Chic. Record-Herald*.

### PULL.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is meant by 'pull'?" "Pull, my son," answered the man of experience, "is personal friendship skillfully managed so that it will pay dividends." — *Washington Star*.

Age cannot wither  
nor custom stale  
the delight  
of drinking  
**Evans' Ale**



### KEEPS HIM YOUNG.

MARK TWAIN was recently asked by a reporter if he was not older than Dr. Chauncey M. Depew.

"Older than old Chauncey? I guess not!" ejaculated the humorist. "Why, I can remember when I was a boy seeing my father stand at the window and hearing him say, 'Hello! there goes old, white-haired Chauncey Depew after his usual appetizer of Sherry and Angostura.'" — *Chic. Record-Herald*.

### THE OLD-FASHIONED KIND.

"Are there any talking machines in this flat?"  
"Six of them. Four married and two single." — *Detroit Free Press*.

### IN WOODEN-SHOE LAND.

PATIENCE.—Did you have any shoes made in Holland?

PATRICE.—Well, I tried to have a pair made, but when I went to get them they told me they hadn't cut the tree down yet! — *Yonkers Statesman*.

### IN CONFIDENCE.

"Don't you ever feel anxious because your husband employs such a beautiful stenographer?"  
"Not in the least. I was his stenographer for seven years, and I would probably be working in his office yet if I hadn't practically proposed to him." — *Chicago Record-Herald*.

### DIVERSION.

"Money doesn't bring happiness," said the trite philosopher.  
"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "it doesn't exactly bring happiness, but it affords some of us billi naires a great deal of amusement to see the efforts of people to get some of ours away from us." — *Washington Star*.

EVEN a crab apple tastes good when we are told that we mustn't eat it. — *Chicago Record-Herald*.

**LUCKY STRIKE**  
RICH'DNA

IN spite of the many imitations, "LUCKY STRIKE" has the solid seal of public approval, and is the largest selling brand of sliced cut tobacco in the world.

**LUCKY STRIKE**  
Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

Never varies in quality, smokes evenly, is cool to the end, with no waste, and its fragrance commends it to all. Economical and lasting.  
Pocket size, tin box, 10c.

You Will Find It Everywhere

Buy a Box Today

### LITERARY NOTE.

"You write too much," the critic said to the author.  
"But, my friend," replied the author, "I've got to live!"  
"How about your readers?"  
"Ah, well,—we were all born to die!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS**  
**PAPER WAREHOUSE,**  
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Bookman Street, NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

# BUNNER'S Short Stories



### SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.  
— *Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

### The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — *N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

### Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. — *Detroit Free Press*.

### More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." — *Boston Times*.

### The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. — *Boston Times*.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, - 5.00  
or separately:  
Per Volume, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers,  
or by mail from the  
Publishers on receipt  
of price.

Address:  
PUCK, New York.



### STILL A NOVICE.

BLASÉ CITIZEN.—De trouble wid you is, Petey, dat yer didn't begin smokin' soon enough. Why, youse never lit a cigarette even till yer was five years old.

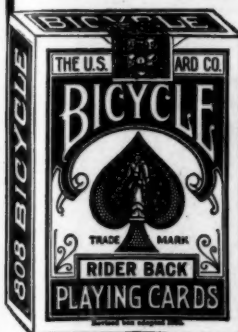
**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Invaluable in the Home and Office.



To the rag-bag with soiled cards. Get a new pack of

## Bicycle Playing Cards

Make the game enjoyable.  
Cost but 25c. per pack.  
Thin and flexible. Clearly printed.  
Large readable indexes.



The new game Quinto. Send 2c. stamp for rules. 180-page book of all card game rules prepaid 10c. stamps or six flap ends of Bicycle tuck boxes  
The U. S. Playing Card Co.,  
815 Congress Court,  
Cincinnati, U.S.A.

A FASHION note says "shoes will be worn longer than usual this year." This may be a godsend to the people who are finding themselves shorter than usual this year.—*Washington Post*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

Ask for  
Trimble Whiskey  
High Ball.  
The best of all.

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.  
Phila. and New York

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

ESTABLISHED  
1793

NO SHADE.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the first flea, "what makes you so red?"  
"Sunburned," replied the second flea, disgustedly. "Some idiot clipped the dog I was summering on."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"I APPROVE of President Roosevelt and all of his policies," says Senator Depew. That's what Mr. Roosevelt gets for adopting a policy of silence on the question of the resignation of New York's Senators.—*Washington Post*.



"Yes, I said  
**COOK'S**  
*Imperial*  
EXTRA DRY  
**CHAMPAGNE**

It is not only the  
best American  
champagne, but the  
best champagne"

A SMALL REQUEST.

"Judge, will you do me a great favor?" asked the lady who was about to be put upon the stand as a witness.

"Certainly, Miss, what is it?"

"Will you please ask me my age before I take the oath?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

# Williams' Shaving Soap

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Face insurance is about as important as life insurance. The safest policy is to use Williams' Shaving Soap.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

THEY MISS THEM AT HOME.

"We miss the summer violets,"  
The Georgia poets sing:  
"We miss the daisied meadows  
Of the merry, sweetheart-Spring.

"We miss the songs of rivers  
That rippled to the sea,  
And the mockin' bird a singin'  
In the old mulberry tree.

And we miss the dewy sweetness  
Of the blossom-tinted morn,  
The hum of bees in clover,  
The rustle of the corn!"

(Yes, and after January—  
As sure as you are born,  
You'll also miss the beaded rye,  
The glimmer of the corn!)

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

MARK TWAIN is not the only one who shrinks from long railroad trips. Many people never take them unless they are absolutely necessary since the anti-pass law went into effect.—*Indianapolis News*.

## A Word to Advertisers

### Substitutes are Dear at Any Price.

Advertising in PUCK costs more than in other Humorous Publications.

### And There is a Reason.

PUCK is the Best Humorous Publication in America, and the best is always the highest-priced. We don't ask you to take our word for it. We invite comparisons.

### The Best is the Cheapest.

Advertising in PUCK gives the largest returns for the least money.

Ask any Advertising Agency for rates or other information, or address

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

PUCK, NEW YORK



A POINT IN CASUISTRY.

"Miss Smith?"

"Well, Tommy?"

"What's an ocean greyhound after it's turned turtle?"

The day after, you need Abbott's Bitters. Braces the nerves; sustains you throughout the day, and makes you feel bright and cheerful. At druggists.



My love has gone to foreign lands;  
With vacant heart I saw her sail;  
And I am bound, by stern commands,  
To write to her by every mail.  
And she would write to me, she said,  
By every mail, in spite of Fate;  
Then listen, lovers, free or wed,  
Her correspondence up to date:  
A photograph of Sandy Hook,  
A picture of a stranded wreck;  
A tourist party à la Cook,  
A section of the steamer's deck;



There next arrived, to cheer my gloom,  
A dingy view of Liverpool,  
A lithograph of Nelson's tomb,  
Westminster nave, the Blue Coat School

The White Horse Inn, Pall Mall, St. Paul's,  
An Oxford walk, with Rydal Mount,  
And Melrose Abbey's haunted walls, —  
Since when I've lost all track and count

And sense of order:—Strasborg Clock  
I know the weary postman brought,  
And, sometime, dark Gibraltar Rock,  
With many views at random caught



Of stupid peasants, snowy peaks,  
Of harnessed dogs and castled Rhine;  
But where's the daintiest, covert line  
Oh, where's the feelings wider scope  
That gives the faithful Envelope  
Than any meretricious carte!  
Oh, where's the faithful Envelope  
That brings true words from heart to heart!  
And what to me are all the scenes  
That poet saw or painter drew  
In browns and blues and grays and greens!  
My Love, I want to hear from you!  
My Love, I want to hear from you!

